

Stentor

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The Stentor, February, 1890

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THE STENTOR.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 5.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY THE STUDENTS OF
LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

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Business Manager, - - H. E. ROYCE, '91
Local, - - - { J. H. McVAY, '91
 { G. W. WRIGHT, '92
Alumni and Personal, W. E. DANFORTH, '91
Exchange, - - - A. M. CANDEE, '92
Advertising, - - C. O. ANDERSON, '92

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THE STENTOR,
Box 166, LAKE FOREST, ILL.

Entered at the Post-office of Lake Forest, Ill., as
second-class matter.

The demand for the October and November issues has exhausted the editions and no more orders can be filled.

To answer for one and all a question which is constantly asked we make the following statement. The STENTOR is printed at Waukegan, Ill., by Reuben W. Coon, proprietor of the Waukegan *Gazette*, the gentleman who fills the orders for most of the printing done by the students. Years ago

the college paper was printed on a press in College Hall; later it was published in Chicago. For a time H. H. Fish issued the STENTOR from his university press. The writer remembers an occasion when, in an emergency, after sending copy for a commencement number, the editor and the business manager had to set it up, correct the page forms, run the paper off and bind it, working night and day in a little room in Academy Hall. Such vexations are avoided by contracting for the work with Mr. Coon.

Contrary to the rules of the university, a fraternity has been established in the college without consultation with the faculty. Influenza with its mysterious grip did it. The pass word is *Ahket-chew*, and the fraternity song is, "Once was enough for me." Come join us.

Under the title, "The Superiority of the Christian Religion," our readers will recognize, in a small pamphlet just issued by Prof. Spencer Smith, the latest baccalaureate

sermon of President Roberts. It is a neat book and copies will be distributed among various ministers.

The new university catalogue, aside from minor changes in text and in the lists of studies, presents several alterations. Especially notable are the changes in the academy and seminary courses, and the addition of the new college scientific course before mentioned, which takes effect in the fall of 1891. The eye falls with pleasure on the commencement date, although a shorter spring recess is the price. The commencement at Rush is to be a month later this year, on the same day as the exercises at the dental college. We notice that two of the former trustees have been replaced by Lake Forest men, Messrs. McClure and Larned. Also the accidental omission of the name of Mr. George M. Bogue, Hinsdale, from the list of trustees and from the finance committee. The tuition in the college is raised \$20 a year, the expenses in the academy \$20, and in the seminary \$75, with reduction in the price of vocal music and elocution lessons. There are a number of new scholarships mentioned. A grand total of 1,235 students is represented, which is an advance of 537 over last year, but of only 17 under-graduates. The new den-

tal college has an increased faculty and a large number of students. All the publication lacks is an "addenda" to bring it up to date.

The game is called. Dave Sullivan is dead. Few announcements would so startle the college fellows as the head line—Dave Sullivan is dead. That strong, hearty man gone! At one time a railroad engineer, then a ball player, later a customs inspector, he umpired many games in the college league series. More than once he made "the trip" with our team. He was a favorite umpire here and his decisions were never questioned. He was honest and firm, always ready to talk with the boys, but like a sphinx when the prospects of a game were ventured. His last game in Lake Forest was broken up by rain and he spent the afternoon in the editorial rooms—as he died—the center of a group of amused friends.

As there is danger of the songs of a new college being lost, we have followed a suggestion that our songs be preserved before becoming hidden by the dust of disuse, and shall print them from month to month. In this number we give the L. F. U. Class Song. A friend of the university has very kindly ordered the plate made for the occasion.

THE RISE OF SAMUEL DENT.

SOME QUEER STORIES OF HIS LIFE.

A student of former years happened to be in Lake Forest a week or so ago, and he remarked as he looked at the long line of carriages at the railroad station, "How odd it is not to see Sam Dent around. I hear that he has been very sick for some time, and may not recover; seems as if Lake Forest had lost something."

It occurred to the STENTOR that it would be well to "write up" Dent, our sable and our stable friend who has for so many years been the uncle and liveryman of this university town, and for whom the students of former years have a kindly remembrance.

The old gentleman was found at his home. Though his form is thinner than of old and his breath fails to come fast enough to give him ready speech, his drolleries and witticisms are not a whit diminished.

"Mr. Dent, when and where were you born?" inquired the STENTOR.

"Well, sah, as near as I know, I'm 'bout fifty-five years old, and I was bawn in Tuscumbia, Franklin Co., Alabammie."

"Can you give some account of your life? You doubtless were as full of 'ned' as the average boy."

"Yah! yah! yah!" he laughed.

"I s'pose you want to know about stealin' water-melons an' chickens, doan you? Well, sah, Mahsa had a fine patch of melons, an' de bes' fruit use' to turn up missin'. Queer fac', but the tracks in de patch use' to match my ol' shoes puffec'ly, an' consequently I got the liekin's. I made up my min' I wouldn't stan' it, so I got a couple of shingles an' cut 'em round like the sole of a big shoe, an' tied 'em to the bottoms of my feet, an' dey couldn't make out after dat who it was 'at stole dem melons. We didn't have no trouble with de chicken roos' either. How'd we do it? Well, sah, we'd tie some ol' rags on a stick an' dope it with sulphur, an' stick it up under de nose, an' de rooster 'u'd fall down stunned, an' by de time he'd come to, his head was chopped off. There was no squakin' when we tuck dem chickens.

"'Bout my life? Well, sah, my father an' my boss, Edmon' Elliot, growed up together as boys, so I fell into a good place as butla in the house, an' I used to be near Mahsa all de time. Dey was offered \$3,000 faw me, but he wouldn't sell me no how."

"What did we think about de wah? Well, sah, faw three weeks afore de Yankees come we use' to hear de cannon a boomin' an' a boomin', an' it kep' comin' nearer an' nearer. Mahsa tol' us it was thundah, but we knowed it wa'n't

no sich thing. Byean' bye, Mahsa he 'lowed it was de Yankees, an' he tole us dem Yankees was debbles what eat mules an' hosses. Den he ask us, one day when de cannon sounded nearer an' nearer, if we would shoot dem Yankees when dey come, if he gib us de guns,—'Yaas sah!' we answer, but we 'lowed inside dat we wouldn' shoot de Yankees no how, if dey did eat mules. Mahsa wouldn' let us talk togeddah an' he say he'd whip us if he cauched us togeddah much.

"One day ol' Reuben (he was de oldest ob de slaves, an' dey made him drive de gris' to mill an' sich like) he came home from de mill an' he say he seen de Yankees. But ol' Mahsa yank him into de house afore he could speak to de res' ob us, an' he make him promis' he wouldn' say he seen 'em. Bein' de butla, I felt it my duty to be behin' de doah an' ober-hear all Reuben say. So dat night, after I put Mahsa to bed, I goes out an' rouses all de colored folks on de place, an' I says, 'De Yankees has come, de Yankees is here!' An' de colo'd folks shout—'Praise de Lawd! hallelujah!' I tol' 'em dat Reuben say de Yankees hain't got no hawns on dey heads, an' dat dey doan eat no mules neither, an' dat dey was de pretties' dress' people he eber seed, an' dey played music like de angels in heaben. Den all dem black folks in de thirty cabins

dey sot up a-prayin' an' a-shoutin', an' we all 'lowed we go jine de Yankees. Dat was about two o'clock in de mawin'. So we all started off, an' Mahsa a-sleepin' in de house. I, bein' the butla', tuck de lead. We hadn' gone fur, when a so'jur starts up from de bushes, mos' scarin' de life out ob us, an' he say,—'Halt! who goes dare?' An' I answer,—'Sam.' He say,—'Who Sam?' An' I say,—'Sam Dent.' An' he say,—'Where you goin'?' I say,—'To jine de Yankees.' An' he say,—'Go ahead.' So on we goes. When we got to de camp dey was gettin' breakfus', an' we all sot down an' dey gibe us some poke an' beans an' hahd tack. De hahd tack was the fus' wheat flour I ebber eat, an' dat was de bes' breakfus' I ebber tasted. After awhile de ban' played, and you'd outer been dare an' seen us boys dance. Yah! yah! yah! But I began to be anxious to git back home—I'd seen de Yankees an' foun' dey didn' habe no hawns, an' I wanted to git back afore Mahsa found out. I tol' one ob de so'jurs about it, an' he say I couldn' git out ob de lines widout a pass. But how was I to git de pass? I 'lowed dat mebbby I could git out side to git some butta faw de officers, an' den nebber come back. I ask one ob de so'jurs to git me a job wid a colonel or some sich. So he tue me up to a nice lookin' man, an' he say,—'Docta.

doan you want a boy?" An' I spoke up an' I say,—‘Sam am a good one.’ De docta ask me would I like to lib wid him all de time, an' I say,—‘No sah!’ He say,—‘But your Mahsa doan pay you nothin’’ I say,—‘I know it.’ Den he ask me if I want to stay wid him a while, an' what I can do. I tell him I can wash dishes an' cook, an' take care ob de hosses. (Dat man was Docta Bogue, an' he now lib at numba 3, Washington Place, Chicago.) He tuk me up to de camp, an' de fus' thing I ask him was if he wanted any butta. He say he would like some butta, but he am afraid I doan come back no more if I went after the butta—he say I look like I doan come back any more. An' den he tell if I go home de boss am likely to hang me. But he gibe me de pass, an' I started off faw to get him de butta.

“I went back to de plantation as fas' ais I could; but when I got dare my sista (she didn' go to see de Yankees) say dat de Mahsa sware he shoot ebry nigga what had been off to de Yankees, if he eotch 'em; an' she tol' me dat I betta make tracks an' git back to de Yankees agin, 'less I want a big dose ob lead in my hide. So what does I do but go ober to de neighbor's an' steal de ober-see-er's bes' hoss wid de saddle all on. De Johnnies had dribben de Yankees back dat day, so dey was fifty

miles furdur off dan dey was when I lef' em.' I gallop' dat ol' hoss like de lightnin' was after him, an' nobody stop me.

“At las' I got where I could hear de crackin' ob de muskits, an' I seed de Yankees an' de Rebs fightin' han' to han'. Dey was fightin' near a bridge, punchin' de bay'nits right into each other. Jis' as I got near de bridge, what did de Yankees do but 'treat 'cross de bridge an' set fire to it so's to keep de Rebs back. I was skeered! My wool ris right up; but I didn' stop—I jis' dash right 'cross de bridge between de lines, an' if you'll b'lieve me, sah, I didn' git a scratch. I s'pose dey didn' min' me dey was fightin' so hahrd.

“After de fightin' stop, I foun' de docta agin; an' I staid with him in de nine-teenth Illinois till dey was discharged. Den I wen' back to Hyde Park, Ill., wid de docta. Finally de docta got married to de pretties' young lady I eber seed, an' he 'lowed he couldn' s'port me an' de young lady too, se I lef' an' wen' to driyin' hoss faw Orrington Lunt in Chicago. A year after, I worked faw Mista Taylor, de father ob Mista Hobart Taylor what we see here occasionally. Yah, yah, yah! I worked nine years in Chicago, an' nebba' in my life was I discharged 'cept from de ahmy.

“When de big fire struck Chicago, I says,—‘In my jedgemen', de

wo'ld come to an en'.' I was pohr as a chu'ch mouse, but dat fire made me pohrer. My wife an' I talk it ober, and we say dare ain' no room faw white men in dis city now, not to speak ob a colo'd man ; so we look faw room out in de subn'bs, an' we chose Lake Forest. We come out to dis place strangers to man, but not to God. I seed lots ob nice big wood piles back ob de houses, an' I says some body's got to saw dat wood. I got me a saw, an' introduce' myself to dat wood. At firs' I couldn' saw only 'bout half a cawd a day ; but by trustin' in de Lawd an' keepin' at it, I got so's I could saw two cawds a day. I sawed wood days an' did chohrs nights an' mawnin's, workin' faw de Reveren' Mista Taylor, Mista Nichols, Mista Sawyer, de Widow Brown, an' de Widow Neef.

"One day I got to thinkin', an' I 'lowed dat dere was an academy an' lots ob people what wanted trunks an' parcels carried, an' dare wasn' nobody to do it ; so I says,—‘Sam Dent,’ s'pose you git a hoss an' waggin an' go at it.' I went to Mista Anderson, and I hire an ol' gray hoss, an' a waggin. But I seed dat when Sam had paid his rent faw de hoss an' waggin he ain' got much lef'. So I goes to dat noble man, Professa Hewitt, I fin' him an' his wife a settin' on de steps, an' I says,—‘Professa will you lend me some money to buy a

hoss?' An' he say,—‘How much you want?' An' I say,—‘Eighty-five dollars.’ ‘All right,’ he say. I ask him how much time he gibe me, an' he answer,—‘Ninety-nine years.’ I say,—‘Shet up, you dead beat you.’ Yuh, yuh, yuh ! In three months I paid ebry cent ob dat money. By trustin' in de Lawd an' workin' hahrd, I now own a big bahn wid eight hosses in it, some as nice kerriges as dey is in town, an' a good home.

Now, sah, I doan know as you'll b'libe it, but I can hones'ly say, dat dare aint a man in Lake Forest what has done more to build up de place dan Sam Dent has. When a man comes to town to buy a place, he says,—‘Your name Dent ?—Oh yes, I heard ob you—I want you to show me de place.’ I habe heard men tell dat dey wouldn' have bought property here if I hadn' showed 'em de place in de way I did, puttin' its best foot forward—a little word at de right time an' said in de right way'll influence a man pow'ful when he's buyin' a place. An' when folks comes here wid chillen to put in de school, I allus drives 'em 'roun' by de nice places fust, afore dey sees de school—by Senator Farwell's, an' Henry Duran's, an' Joe's, an' Calvin Duran's, an' dey says,—‘Oh my, what a lovely place !—jist de place faw to sen' our chillen.’ An' dey puts 'em in de schools.

“Bout de seminary girls gals? Yah, yah, yah! You’d orter see ’em scramble to sit on de front seat wid Dent. I go’s home an’ looks in de glass an’ I can’t see’s I looks any betta dan udda folks; but somehow de gals likes to sit on de front seat wid Dent. I say, ‘Now gals, you jis’ let de teachers sit on de back seat, ’cause de back seat is softer an’ more comf’t’bl’ dan de front seat.’ De gals giggles, an’ de teachers is stowed away out ob hearin’ on de back seat. It’s more comf’t’bl’ faw dem. Yah, yah, yah! Den de gals dey say,—‘Dent, what did you say to your wife when you ask her to marry you?’ An’ I say,—‘Now you jis’ go long!’ De gals allus wants me to drike through de college groun’s, so I say to de teachers,—‘Guess we’d betta drike by de college ’cause de road is bad ’roun’ de udda way.’ An’ de teachers say,—‘Well, Dent, if you mus’, you mus’.’ Den de gals giggles, and de teachers say,—‘What you gals laffin’ so ’bout?’”

W. E. D. '91.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Stentor:

By the death of “Dave” Sullivan, the Western College Base Ball League has lost an impartial umpire, and a true friend, one who was ever able and willing to aid by advice or friendly criticism. We enjoyed playing a game

of ball when “Dave” umpired, for we felt that the club making the most points would win the game, that favor would be shown to neither nine. He was a “square” man. The following incident illustrates his regard for his word.

I well remember the first game he umpired on the L. F. grounds. He had promised to umpire that day, but was not on the noon train. The game began with a substitute umpire. It was a raw, chilly day, and flakes of snow were in the air. One inning had been played when a shout was heard and Dave Sullivan came on the grounds. He had taken a train that went only to Highland Park, but rather than disappoint the boys he hired a carriage and drove up. The roads were heavy, he was thinly clad and the carriage windows were broken. He must have suffered with the cold, but would keep his promise.

An instance of his care for his reputation for fairness was his refusal to umpire games in which the Racine College nine played. He had once been in their employ as “coacher” and would not lay himself open to the charge of favoritism. As a token of their esteem for his service the association of Racine College presented him a gold watch charm of which he was justly proud.

Dave was seldom employed by

Evanston to umpire their games with Lake Forest, as they preferred to have one of their own students, and run no risk of losing the game. He had a big heart and when he went with the boys on their trips he met friends everywhere. On the train, at the eating-houses, at the hotels, there was always someone to give a friendly greeting. He was very popular with the small boys of Beloit and Madison. They would run beside the omnibus, on the way to the ball grounds, to look at the "umpire from Chicago," and exchange repartee with him. They seemed to think that next to Anson, Dave Sullivan was the greatest man in the world.

He had a voice like a fire marshal, and when he gave a decision there was no mistaking it. He had promised to hold an investigation on his next trip to Beloit to find out "who stole the ham," but I am afraid we will always remain in ignorance on the subject.

Well, Dave has called his last strike, but I think the boys of '87, '88 and '89 will cherish his memory among the happiest recollections of their college days.

E. S. WELLS, JR., '88.

OUR MISSIONARY.

It is strange that not half the money pledged last year to support an alumnus in the foreign missionary field has been paid. It is ridiculous to think of supporting a missionary when we can get barely enough money to buy him a suit of clothes, and it is true that Ferry Hall has come to the front ahead of the college. In my opinion it is wrong for one to pledge himself to such a thing as this on the impulse of the moment, only to have it shortly afterward as a burden on his conscience. Several pledges have been repudiated with the plea that they were made on the spur of the moment.

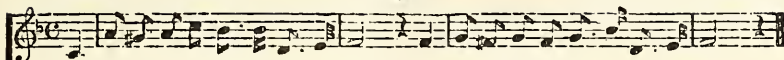
I believe in interesting missionary meetings and in saying, "go," if one is called to the foreign field, but I do not think one should pledge himself to what he can not decide upon for years hence. This is not the time to determine such a question. By all means one should consecrate himself to the service of Christ, whether at home or in foreign lands, but as a basis for future work, let us not forget our Y. M. C. A., which lacks interest since this missionary movement. It is a true motto which says, "Charity first begins at home." W. F. LEWIS, '90.

L. F. U. CLASS SONG.

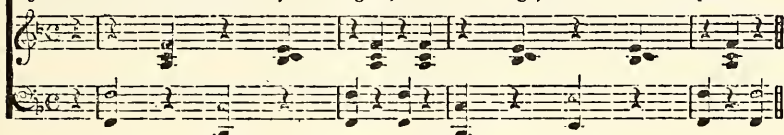
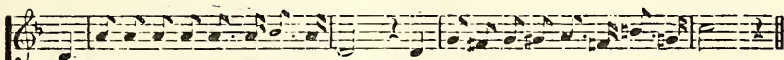
JOSEPHINE L. WHITE.

1880.

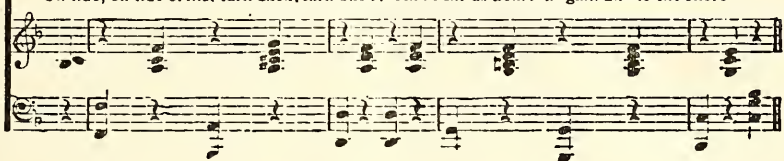
CHAS. F. WARD.



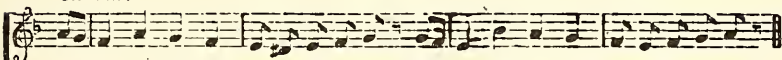
1. Farewell! farewell! our shallows lightly grate The gold-ensands that line the curving shore,
 2. Sing low! sing low! we're floating with the tide, And friends are waving blessings as we go;
 3. Farewell! the land fades slowly out of sight; Fare-well! we go, but oft shall we implore;


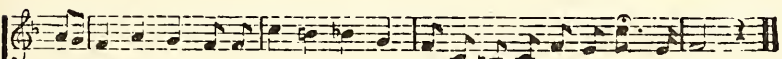
One stroke, and now we're out upon the deep, Which bears us on and will for - ev - er - more.
 A home more dear and friends more fondly true, No toil can win, no fate can e'er bestow
 Oh tide, oh tide of life, turn back, turn back! And bear us home a - gain un - to the shore




Chorus.



Fare-well! oh hap - py col - lege days, farewell! How bright so e'er the mystic fu - ture be.

Our hearts can never feel a stronger spell Than that which binds their love, their life, to thee.



ALUMNI AND PERSONAL.

The engagement of James Walter Doughty and Miss Brooks Cozine is announced. The lady is a student at the New England Conservatory of Music. Mr. Doughty spent three years at Lake Forest with the class of '87 and finished his course at Princeton college. He will be graduated from Princeton theological seminary next commencement. His union with Miss Brooks is not a far off event, for he has received an appointment from the Board of Foreign Missions to Osaka, Japan, and he intends to sail for that place about the first of next August.

"Tommie" Norton, the Waukegan boy who was with us in '86, and whom many of the alumni remember as a good fellow and an athlete, is now one of the star baseball and foot-ball players at Dartmouth college.

Miss Annie Davies, '89, visited Lake Forest during the Christmas vacation. She says that she likes her situation in the young ladies' seminary at Nashville, Tenn. She is often taken for a pupil when she "walks the ranks down town." The rules there are such that a young lady can not acknowledge the receipt of a bow from a gentleman on the street under any circumstances. One young lady by

this rule was forced "to cut" a young man to whom she was engaged, when she happened to meet him on the street one day.

Grant Stroh, '89, reports an enjoyable life at Union theological seminary.

Miss May Horton, '89, is at home in Lake Forest.

We hear reports of the continuous rise of William G. Wise, '88, in the counting rooms of the Chicago "Daily News." He must be near the top by this time.

H. W. Sutton, '85, is principal of a school at Lake Villa, Ill.

James W. Cabeen who was formerly with the class of '88, is at the Baptist theological seminary at Normal Park, Ill. A friend who met him in Chicago one day states that he seems to be in the best of health, that he has charge of a church at Brookline, Ill., and that he is married.

Mr. Brinkerhoff who went through the freshman year with the class of '85, is located at Springfield, Ill. He is married.

Miss Jessie Colvin, a Ferry Hall girl two years ago, is now attending boarding-school at Morristown, N. J.

Scott Durand, '90, was in Lake Forest during the Christmas vacation. He will graduate from Williams college next June.

Harry Durand was also in town. He will leave Amherst's portals as an alumnus with the class of '90.

Miss Carrie Griffin, '89, has given up her high-school work at Marshall, Mich., and will take a rest.

Miss Beth Faxon, a Ferry Hall girl of last year, is at home in Rogers Park, Ill.

The Misses Helen, Florence, and Hattie Durand spent the holiday vacation in Lake Forest. They are at boarding-school in Morristown, N. J., and they say they like it there very much.

Ed. Wells, '88, boards with his parents in Lake Forest. He comes up to the college occasionally of an evening to fraternize with the boys.

A. G. Welch and B. M. Linnell called on the boys and girls here, the first of the past month.

Archie M. Welch, formerly of '91, spent a week with "the boys," in early January.

E. C. Gillespie, an academy boy of last year, is now attending Harvard school in Chicago.

William C. Godfrey has dropped out of the class of '90 and gone home to Dixon, because his eyes gave out so that he could not do justice to his college work. In February he will begin a chemical course at Ann Arbor.

Miss Annie Woelful, who left the class of '91 last year, visited town on the ninth of January.

Everyone will regret to hear that Miss Annifred Ensign, college class of '92, will not return this term.

Owing to the state of her health, Miss Lena Snell, Ferry seminary class of '90, has found it necessary to discontinue study for a time. She has returned to her home in Bloomington, Ill. Miss Snell has made and held a large circle of friends here, and she will be missed.

Miss Florence Griffin, a freshman with the class of '92, now has charge of the Chicago branch of the Brockway Teacher's Agency.

W. B. Butterfield, who carried on some experiments in the college laboratory last year, has discovered a "wet process" for separating the nickel and the copper taken from the Sudbury mine in Canada. It is a valuable discovery, for the reason that by the old process of separating the metals with fire the nickel was wholly lost. Mr. Butterfield's process saves it.

Miss Sara L. Mitchell, '86, is teaching in a young ladies' seminary at Eau Claire, Wis.

The Faris brothers, '92, have returned from their home in Anna, and will finish their course here.

Miss Jane S. Wilson, '88, and Messrs. Graham Lee, L. J. Davies, and G. A. Wilson, of the class of '89, were the guests of Dr. Zenos (our former Greek professor) at Hartford, Conn., on Christmas day.

C. F. Edson has just returned from California, and is now doing night work in the Chicago post-office.

THE COLLEGE.

Mr. Linn recently returned to college, having lost nearly three weeks of this term through sickness.

Messrs. Marcotte and Linn have joined the Willie Club. However let none address them as the Messrs. Bill.

Prof. Harper, of Yale, recently organized at Chicago a local board of The American Institute of Sacred Literature, whose headquarters are in New Haven. Dr. Roberts was elected president of the board, and states its idea to be the founding of a summer school for the study of the Bible in English, Greek, and Hebrew, and also the study of the languages cognate to the Hebrew, as Syriac, Assyrian and Arabic. The school will probably be located either at Evanston or Lake Bluff. Lake Forest, the doctor says, could not accomodate the number of students that will be in attendance.

Dr. Roberts recently presided over the Illinois Teachers' Convention at Springfield. He is president of the college department of the association.

Mr. Jas. Anderson was elected president of the Zeta Epsilon Society, to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Godfrey.

Thursday evening, Jan'y 16th, Geo. A. Vinton of Chicago gave a Dickens reading at Ferry Chapel under the auspices of the Zeta Epsilon Society. His selections were from Christmas Carols and Pickwick Papers. The reading was very pleasing and perfect.

Miss Julia Learned is making an extended visit with her uncle, Dr. Bartlett, president of Dartmouth college, Hanover, Vt.

The senior class have given an organ bench as an ornament for the college chapel. Noble, generous class, your future course will be the object of our deepest solicitude.

(Dedicated.)

Oh greasy, glossy soap box,

Your college life is o'er ;

We'll have no more your verdant sighs,

Your grease spots on the floor.

The senior class, with ruthless hand,

Have spurned you for a stool,

And now, old chestnut of a box,

Go seek a grammar school.

Dr. Roberts presided over the annual Welsh "Eisteddfod" at Chicago, recently. The honor of such a position is best explained by

quoting a few first words from his address. "I wish to make at the outset an acknowledgement of the debt I owe the executive committee for appointing me to preside over this eisteddfod, or bardic congress. It is the greatest honor they could confer upon any Welshman. The names of those who have occupied this position in past years have shed upon it great and abiding luster. The Prince of Wales by virtue of his Tudor blood; the illustrious ex-Premier of England, on account of having a Welsh wife; and Sir John Puleston, a full blooded Welshman, have in turn presided over transatlantic congresses; whilst the late Prest. Grant, for real or supposed kinship with the Cymry, and Chancellor Crosby, by reason of his descent from Floyd, one of the honored Welsh signers of the Declaration of Independence, have presided over bardic congresses in this country." His speech throughout was very fine and elicited the most favorable newspaper comments. One clergyman considered it the finest thing he ever heard.

The church choir displays a large representation of college and seminary students at present, Messrs. Steel, Jones, and Gallwey, Misses Stanley, Enid Smith, and Webster. The organist, Mr. Humiston, is a college junior, and certainly Mr. Benedict is connected with the college.

Mr. Osborn is intending to make the boys a present. He has purchased a large lamp for the reading room. This fills a long felt need and will be appreciated by those rooming in the dormitory.

Mr. Jacob Beidler, who endowed the chair of physical sciences, is talking of building a house for the use of the professor.

The first class in experimental psychology, in the history of the college, has been formed. The work is carried on under the combined instruction of Profs. Loey and Walter Smith. Apparatus has been obtained for use in this department.

Further apparatus has been added to the biological department. The most notable is a Koch bacteria oven. The machine will also be used as an incubator, in connection with the work in embryology.

Prof. Griffin expects to soon have his strontium mine, near Libertyville, working at full blast. The strontium procured is sixty-two per cent. pure. The refuse, which is very fine sand, may be sold for enough to meet the expenses of separating and reducing the mineral. The capacity of the works will be four tons of strontium per day. The commercial price is eight cents per pound.

Profs. Loey and Spencer Smith have each had their families aug-

mented by the arrival of baby boys.

Mr. McAllister, the former superintendent of the negro Sunday school, received a letter not long ago, on the envelope of which was written, "If Mr. McAllister is not in town, please deliver to some other nigger."

The house of Dr. Roberts and of Prof. Stanley were entered by burglars in January, and some personal property was taken in each case.

Found in a *Youth's Companion* of 1882:

"Gentlemen:

I like my Waterbury watch very much. I would not take ten dollars for it. Yours Truly,

WILLIE F. LOVE."

The manufacturers of the pen which Prof. Griffin carries should get a testimonial from him. He has used it continuously since 1863.

The editorial board is having the past volumes of the STENTOR bound in book form and will present it to the college library. The numbers of the present volume will also be presented.

A young gentleman friend of the university is thinking of building a gymnasium here.

After a diligent search, our board of trustees have found a highly competent gentleman to fill the vacant chair of psychology,

logic and metaphysics, in the person of Walter Smith, Ph.D. Dr. Smith is a native of Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He was graduated from Edinburgh university, and took a post-graduate course there under Doctors Frazier and Calderwood, afterwards spending four years in study at the theological school of the Free Church of Scotland. There-after, he was occupied for three years at Berlin, Heidelberg, and Tubingen, receiving a degree of Ph.D., at the last named place. Before coming to Lake Forest he spent some time under professors James and Royce at Harvard university. He appears not only to be well up in his subjects, but also to have the rare faculty of imparting his knowledge clearly.

Rev. Geo. Schorb, a former theological student at Evanston, delivered his lecture on "The Fun of Being Blind," before the Athenæan society, and a few invited guests, in their hall, Jan. 10th. Mr. Schorb is blind, but tries to look on the bright side of life.

We acknowledge the receipt of "An Outline of Greek and Roman Mythology," Francis W. Kelsey, 40 pp, Allyn & Bacon, Boston. The classification of the divinities and myths concerning them is just the thing for a Latin or Greek student. It is a valuable book.

AT REST.

In Minneapolis, C. O. Anderson

of our editorial staff. When he is recuperated he will return to work. Meanwhile Jno. Steele, penman, will act as steward of the Delmonico club.

Mr. Burt, the assistant state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., visited Lake Forest, Jany. 14. He led the prayer meeting on that evening, and afterwards gave some good hints and advice to the active members.

Town girl—"I am going away for some time, wont you take my Sunday school class of girls?"

College boy—"Why, I should be delighted, and how old are they?"

T. G.—"About 8 to 11 years."

C. B.—"Oh yes. Well I was just about to say, I should be delighted, only, I am sure I could not attend regularly with a class—at that age."

The university has adopted the Roman pronunciation of Latin, instead of the English formerly used in Lake Forest.

FANCY.

When the softened light of falling night
Dims mountain and vale and shore,
As a waking dream, does a vision seem
To steal mine eyes before.

'Tis a maiden's face of tender grace,
And orbs of the skies' own blue
That seem to shine with love divine,
It laughs, yet still is true.

And the lips just close like a budding rose,
As shy as a startled fawn,
The dark hair whirls in laughing curls
'Round cheeks of the blush of dawn.

Oh I've sought for years, mid hopes and fears,

To make this, my vision, real,
But my hopes do wane, for I've sought in vain

The face of my ideal.

[Just fancy.—Ed.] '93.

The skating on the slough west of town attracted a great many students last month.

Sartell Prentice has been very ill at his home in Chicago.

W. R. Everett will not return until later in the term.

Prof. Loey has been very sick with tonsilitis and for some time was threatened with diphtheria.

Prof. Halsey has also been ill and has met some of his classes at his house.

Dr. Roberts reports that the Pearsons fund has been very generally appropriated, and that already 21 out of the 25 amounts to be had have been taken.

William Duncan McMillan, of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, arrived very late this term because of illness.

D. C. Grove has given up his studies in the college.

The senior class is using a text book in moral philosophy which Dr. Atwater turned out of Princeton because it was too abstruse—Calderwood's Hand Book. Our class has not yet thought of succumbing.

Prof. Loey is delivering some

very interesting lectures before the elective physiology and experimental psychology classes on the nervous system.

Don't forget to mention your college paper when you purchase of its advertisers. You will receive more attention.

The following books have been added to the university library.

Life of Our Lord.....	Andrews
The Pentateuch, Its Origin and Structure	Bissell
Messianic Prophecy.....	Briggs
Miraculous Element in the Gospels.....	Bruce
Moses and the Prophets.....	Green
What is the Bible?.....	Ladd
The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture.....	Ladd
Fifty years of the Union Theological Seminary	Prentiss
History of Phoenicia.....	Rawlinson
The Unseen Universe.....	Stewart and Tait
History of Astronomy.....	Clerke
Thiers.....	De Remusat
Ferrier's Works, 3 Vols.	
Aristotle	Grote
The Heavens.....	Guillemin
Sensations of Tone.....	Helmholtz
Principles of Science.....	Jevons
Hypnotism	Kraft-Ebing
Chemistry of the Sun.....	Lockyer
The Moon.....	Neison
Spectrum Analysis.....	Schellen
Studies in the Theory of Descent.....	Weisman
History of America, Vol. VIII.....	Winsor

Prof. Thomas is regularly filling Dr. Corwin's former pulpit in Racine.

There has been an unusual amount of illness in our college world this term.

R. P. Crozier, of the first form at the academy in '87, returned to

the college this term, but left later for Wabash college.

Jno. Wendell Anderson, of the senior law class at Ann Arbor, visited the college in January.

The pump from which the college and academy students get drinking water is being very thoroughly repaired. The gas tank which supplies the president's house is being removed so that gasoline will not leak into the well.

The request of the students who petitioned for an elective class in oratory was refused.

FERRY HALL.

Aletheian Society, Correspondent.

The Sem's ponderous doors swung open wide, Jan. 2, but the girls, O, where were they?

Santy remembered the Aletheian girls all around. We've discovered one thing, however, he's partial. He gave one of us a beautiful diamond ring. We congratulate you, Santy.

The officers of the Aletheian for this term; Prest., Miss Goodale; V. Prest., Miss Florence Phelps; Sec'y., Miss Mary Davies; Treas., Miss Williams; Critic, Miss Stanley; Sergeant, Miss Marshall; Program committee, Misses Annie Adams and Mason.

Miss Woelfel made us a short visit lately. She wore glasses this

time, so she could recognize her brother, and avoid embarrassing scenes at the station.

La Grippe is taking a course at the sem. Judging from the rate at which she grasps subjects, we think she'll graduate in a short time,—at least we hope so.

At a financial meeting of the Y. W. C. A., held Jan. 13, subscriptions to the amount of thirty-six dollars were made for the state work.

Ferry Hall library is becoming a valuable store-house of information. Recent volumes put upon the shelves are the works of Rob't. Browning, and Thackeray, a choice array of Modern Classics and the American Commonwealth.

Found:—"A college girl."

Miss Ensign, at her doctor's advice, has left college. "*Hinc illae lacrimae!*"

It would perhaps be wise for laboratory students to have their lives insured on days upon which danger is imminent. For then they could cover all losses by their insurance.

Only in name—Jack Frost, our new janitor.

Miss Searles and Miss Goodwin, in conjunction, are endeavoring to teach German to ten of our girls at table.—"Ich bitte um das Brod, und so weiter."

"Jim," who "mangled" his arm so badly in the laundry during recess, will be out soon. His arm was broken by the wringer in five places, and a bone in the hand also suffered. After his removal to St. Luke's hospital, in Chicago, the operation of setting was delayed some time, as it was feared death would result.

THOSE BANGS.

I

The girl that lives in novels,
With beautiful blue eyes,
With Grecian nose, and peach-like cheeks,
And hair to take a prize;
Who can dance and ride and talk and waltz,
And lives all in a whirl,
Will some one please to tell me
How she keeps her bangs in curl?

II

I mean the one that's witty,
And bright and smart—All that;
The one that's neither short nor tall,
And neither thin nor fat,
But just a happy medium,
Who all around can twirl,
Does anything she pleases, yet
Keeps her bangs in curl.

III

Goes skating or goes boating,
In weather cold or hot,
Yet never, winter or summer,
With bangs uncurled is caught.
I wish I knew the secret,
I'd like to be that girl,
I don't see how she does it,
How she keeps her bangs in curl.

C.

Nu Beta Kappa Society, Correspondent.

The senior class is in despair at the loss of one of its members. Miss Snell's health prevents her

return. "We shall meet, but we shall miss her."

The group of "future husbands" on exhibition at the sem is enough to discourage the most enthusiastic match-maker. The ranks of the would-be "old maids" are steadily increasing.

They were walking in the darkness.

'Twas a senior and a sem,
And the silence was unbroken

'Till with soft, pretentious "Hem!"

"I have always been accustomed

"To regard you in the light

"Of a very future husband.

"Tell me," blushing, "Am I right?"

Never was youth so confounded,

'Till the dark his fear assuaged.

Then he, blushing like a rose-leaf,

Faintly stammered, "I'm *engaged!*"

For young ladies that cannot bear certain names mentioned without blushing so furiously as to attract the attention of the whole room, we advise the use of "Madame Recamier's Healthful and Beautifying Face Powder."

It is almost like Ferry Hall before the days of post-graduates to see Miss Magill's blooming face with us each Saturday.

We are more than glad, after so much suspense, to welcome professor De Prose this term. His music as well as his ever increasing fund of jokes, would have been missed more than we care to think of.

We hear that Mr. Irwin was addressed lately by the title of pro-

fessor, in Lake Forest. This is quite a rapid advancement from the freshman class.

Miss McNary, who was at Ferry Hall in '88, now lives at La Crosse, Wisconsin.

While we recognize in professor Apmadoc a competent instructor, we regret the departure of Mrs. De Prose. Her long stay in Ferry Hall has proved her to be one of the best friends "the sems" have ever had.

What took place Wednesday evening, January 15th, might be called a "narrow escape." About half past eight a lamp, which had burned to high, exploded, causing great excitement. There was a blaze, a scream, a rustle, a whirl, and half the girls were on the third floor, the scene of action, and the other half on the campus, bewailing the loss of the lamp, sofa, etc. Safety was finally assured and the damage was found to be slight. Strangely enough the poor, lonely, much abused little fire escape was not thought of until the fire was over. It has been suggested that we have few more, that in case of a serious fire at least one sem may live to "tell the tale."

We can conscientiously vouch for the *visible* qualities of "King's Quick Rising Buckwheat Flour."

"I know I have never met you,

"I know I ought not to write,

"I sincerely respect 'Mrs. Grundy'

"And don't wish to be thought impolite,
 "My only excuse is, I've seen you
 'Going to church.'"

"I think you can scarcely blame me
 "If you look at it in this light,
 "Though it shocks every sense of propriety,
 "You must understand why I write
 "When you remember, I've seen you
 'Going to church.'"

"Your thoughts are I know on the sermon,
 "As you walk in such rev'rent guise,
 "While mine are all caught in the lashes
 "That droop o'er the sweetest of eyes.
 "But how can I help it when seeing you
 'Going to church.'"

"The soft clinging fur that encircles
 "Your throat so be-witching and white,
 "The kid glove that covers your fingers
 "And clasps them so warm and so tight,
 "I envy them both when I see you
 'Going to church.'"

THE ACADEMY.

Tri Kappa.

E. E. Vance, Correspondent.

The academy has again opened its doors and invited those who will to come and labor. The faculty is now endeavoring to push those who have been enticed with-in up the stony road to a higher education.

None of the boys who went home early by the permission of the faculty have yet returned. However, several new boys have stepped in to fill up the ranks.

The Tri Kappa society held the first meeting of the term, January 2nd. The following officers were elected: W. G. Sanford, pre-

sident; C. B. Oliver, v. president; F. Grant, re-elected secretary; J. H. Rice, treasurer; R. B. Spellman, critic; T. Jackson, re-elected sergeant.

We have seen a great many "nickle in the slot" schemes, but the one now in use in the chapel by which one obtains a missionary for sixteen marks beats them all.

Scene in the academy parlors.
 Student—"How is your wife to-night professor?"

Professor—"She is much better, thank you. She was able to sit up to-day."

Student—"I am very glad to hear it. Tell her I hope she will soon be down again."

Boxing seems to be a very popular sport among the cads. Since the departure of the gym the balls are used, which makes it inconvenient for one to pass upstairs without receiving a stray blow.

All wishing instruction in the fistie art, please apply to Church, Shirra & Co., dealers in all kinds of hard blows.

We understand that our new friend, Mr. Church, has no use for rainy days. We suppose it interferes with his boxing.

The flexibility of the English language. Prof. in 4th form Greek prose. "R—you may take your seat and leave the room." Mr. R— started to obey, but as the

seat was fastened he found it impossible.

All the the east hall boys are hugging themselves; Mac was not chosen as an orator by the honorable Gamma Sigs., and they may all sleep in peace once more.

Dr. Cutting has adopted the plan of discussing questions of interest to the students and professors, in the chapel after prayers.

J. Olive Ingersoll, of Ravenswood, is with us again.

La Grippe has been visiting a good many of the boys lately.

Gamma Sigma.

F. W. PINE, Correspondent.

At the election held January 8th, Mr. Rumsey was re-elected president; Mr. Flint, vice president; Frank E. Dewey, secretary; Mr. Cleveland, treasurer.

We are indebted to the Tri Kappa society for the use of the academy chapel during three successive meetings.

A contest in declamation, essay and debate, between the two societies, has been arranged for Feb. 27th.

The preliminary contest in declamation of the Gamma Sigma society was held on Jan. 15th. Messrs. Dewey, Dunbaugh, Flint, McKee, McAllister, Owsley and Hunt took part. The contest, which was a spirited one, showed

a decided improvement in some of the speakers over their last year's work, and brought out some excellent talent among the new members. The decision of the judges, Professors Griffin, Stuart and Thomas, was in favor of Messrs. Flint and McKee, who will be our representatives in the final contest. The contestants in essay were Messrs. McAllister, Fisher and Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland was selected to represent the society.

Thoughts from the discussion of the "Scholarly Spirit" at the morning exercises. The term, "Scholarly Spirit," was defined in general as an all-absorbing desire for study and learning. The discussion took two directions, first what makes the scholarly spirit, and second, how it may be encouraged.

The afternoon session of the academy now begins at 1:30 and closes at 4:30.

Mr. E. J. Bishop, ex-president of the Tri Kappa society, did not return after Christmas. He is studying at home in St. Paul, and does not expect to enter any school before fall.

Mr. W. S. Cargill, here last year, is attending the Curtiss Business College in Minneapolis.

Gillette had a small fire in his room last month. Dr. Cutting's horse is dead.

EXCHANGE.

—

Western college burned at Toledo, Iowa, the later part of December.

A new M. E. sectarian college is to be erected at Kansas City, Kan. The church has a million dollars' worth of property there.

A lamp exploded at Albert Lea college too. One young lady attached the hose and extinguished the fire before any one else recovered their presence of mind.

The *Target* from Highland Park is a new well gotten up paper, and shows school spirit admirably.

We are glad to note the re-appearance of *Ye Humbugge*, of Kenosha.

The *Tablet* has a gallant exchange editor. Her defense of the *Hamilton College Monthly* is worthy a better cause. With due deference we object both to school girl essay, school boy oration or contest oration. Yes, we have offended in this ourselves, yet to the readers, save, perhaps, his admiring papa, what is more insipid than the average student's masterly oration on 'Napoleon' or 'Peaks Beyond.' The college paper represents college life, not what Tommy Jones thinks about what Mr. Carlyle says on the French Revolution. We may be wrong, but we think thus.

The *Blackburnian* contains an

able editorial on the ideal college paper. The *STENTOR* expects to present soon some interviews on this line of thought.

According to the *Pegasus*, Eureka college contributes \$3,000 to support a missionary in the foreign field. Eureka may well take pride in her effort.

The *Doane Owl* contains a valuable article on 'Judging on Oratorical Contests,' in a late number. We recommend its careful perusal. The *Owl* is a thoroughly newsy paper, and most ably conducted.

We like to know what other journals think of us, but it looks rather conceited for a paper to occupy the whole exchange column of one issue with nothing but quotations from them about itself.

What do you think of this for a motto recommended by a young ladies' college journal? "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for verily they shall not be disappointed."

Seventy-five dollars of the surplus from the last Illinois oratorical contest has been expended for a gold and silver cup. This will be presented to the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, to be carried off annually by the college that excels in athletics.

Harvard athletics will hereafter be confined to New England. The

New York graduates are greatly opposed to such a ruling.

LATE NEWS.

The name of the Watchman, the organ of the Y. M. C. A., published in Chicago, has been changed to the Young Men's Era. The issue of Feb. 6th "will be taken up largely with the presentation of Y. M. C. A. work of the colleges."

W. C. Eakins, president of the Englewood High School Alumni Association, delivered the annual address at their banquet on Jan. 2nd. His subject was "Value of Educated Citizens."

The college missionary band, organized Dec. 15th, of which C. O. Anderson is president, W. F. Lewis vice-president and W. B. Hunt secretary and treasurer, holds meetings once every two weeks in the president's room, at 9:15 Sunday morning. Every term a public union meeting with other bands will be held in Ferry chapel.

At a memorial meeting for the late Prof. Olson, president of the University of Dakota, held recently in Chicago, Dr. Lorimer presided, and Prof. Stuart, with some of Chicago's leading divines and lawyers, made appropriate addresses. Prof. Stuart was an intimate friend of Prof. Olson.

Miss Haven, at the seminary in '89, is attending school at Ravenswood.

Prof. Staurt delivered a paper on poetry at the Chautauqua meeting, January 21.

A college student was sent from recitation the other day for smoking in class. On investigation it was found that it was his breath steaming in a cold room. As the professor only "occasionally smokes a mild cigarette" his mistake is pardonable.

Dr. Robert's article on the "Revision of the Confession of Faith" was printed in the supplement to the *Interior* of Dec. 19th. It has also been published in pamphlet form.

"Connie" O'Neill, who was buried here Jan. 10th, once attended the academy.

On January 21st, the Y. M. C. A. voted to abolish the college prayer meeting and have a regular association prayer meeting. This measure excludes the young ladies.

The average attendance at the college prayer meetings last term was 42, including the week of prayer of the Y. M. C. A. 66.

Our leading article suggests an anecdote of Dent. He was always anxious in his business capacity to find out everything about his passenger. Once he met his equal. An "old boy" came to town and

requested Samuel to perform jehu services for him. On the ride Dent pumped his fare for information, all his arts of interviewing failed to draw out the identity of the stranger; catching at his last straw, flattery, Sam said, "Now all the girls will be asking me who that nice, handsome gentleman was that I was driving around all day," and looked up triumphantly, but the *incognito* only drawled, "Well Dent, you won't be able to tell them will you?"

Prof. De Prosse's favorite remedy for a cough is glycerine, he says. The other night, under the influence of the grip, he took a dose of his panacea, but it was ammonia, as a blackened tongue demonstrated.

John David Russell has been very ill.

Prof. James M. Baldwin, of Princeton, says: "The final conceptive product of ultimate generalization of reason proceeds out from the world and self, and seeks a further unifying postulate. This final unity is adumbrated in the unity of the apperceptive process, the identity of the reasoning powers, and the instability of all the complexes constructed in experience." This makes it all clear. Anybody can understand it now.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The university has printed 10,-

000 copies of the catalogue, 2,500 of the Ferry Hall edition and 2,000 of the academy edition. Jno. Steele and H. H. Davis, penmen, are directing the envelopes. The treasurer is endeavoring to get the postoffice department to lower the postage rates on the books.

Prof. Wm. Apmadoc, the new teacher of the voice in music and elocution, is of commanding appearance and a fine gentleman to meet. He is here Tuesdays and Thursdays and occasionally sings tenor Welsh songs to the girls in chapel. He has been at Chicago since September, No. 135 S. Peoria street. On July 2nd, Professor Apmadoc goes to Denver to adjudicate in elocution and singing at the Eisteddfod contests.

Owing to the death of Prof. Frieze, of the University of Michigan, Dr. Kelsey is now senior professor in Latin. In the *Nation* of Jan. 2, will be found an article on Prof. Frieze which Prof. Kelsey has written.

The day of prayer for schools and colleges was observed in Lake Forest by a meeting in the church chapel Wednesday morning which Dr. Craig, of McCormick seminary addressed. There was also a meeting at Ferry chapel at three p. m. The General Assembly has changed the day to the last Wednesday in January.

E. F. Dodge is superintendent of the fifth Presbyterian church Sunday school in Chicago.

Thos. Jackson, '89, is with Matz and Fisher, room 24, Portland Block, Chicago. He is circulating a petition in Lake county to appoint him as notary public.

ALFRED HOLT.

The sad news comes from Phoenix, Arizona, of the death of Alfred L. Holt, so well known and so much beloved in Lake Forest. For four years a heroic fight has been made with encroaching disease, and now the ebbing forces are spent and the rest has come. How well do many remember the athletic figure that for four years was the embodiment to us of buoyant and irrepressible health, a leader in all sports and merriment, with something tonic to low spirits in the very coming of him! Alfred Holt was an alumnus of Lake Forest academy of the class of 1878. In 1879 he entered the class of 1883 at Williams college and was in due time graduated. His tastes inclined to the natural sciences and in the year 1884 he conducted the work in chemistry at his alma mater during a temporary absence of the professor in charge, carrying the classes with enthusiasm and success. Entering a Chicago bank, he brought his characteristic energy to the work, and prospects seemed

the brightest. But in the summer of 1886, almost without warning he was struck down by the disease which has ended his life. Four years of the climate of southern California and Arizona have prolonged his days in order that the once pulsing and bounding life might show to friends "How sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." For the last two years his home has been made bright and his life sustained by the wife taken from a Lake Forest household,—Miss Lillie Reid of the class of 1884. Our sympathies go out to the noble wife in her sorrow and isolation and to the families in our midst whom a common grief unites. The remains are now on the way to Lake Forest, where funeral services will be held.

WILLIAM BROSS.

On the evening of the 28th, the Honorable William Bross departed this life, at his residence in Chicago. He was born near Port Jervis, N. J., Nov. 4, 1813. When he was nine years old his family moved to Milford, Pa., where he received his academic education. In 1838 he graduated from Williams college with high honors. So thorough was his proficiency in the classics, sciences and history that he was immediately called as the principal of Ridgebury academy in New Jersey. In May, 1848, he went to Chicago, and has

since continuously resided there. He became a member of the book-selling firm of Griggs, Bross & Co. Later on, he published the "Prairie Herald." In 1852, with John L. Scripps, he founded the "Democratic Press," which became a power. Two years later he espoused the cause of the Republican party, and he has always consistently and faithfully upheld its cause with voice and pen, delivering his maiden speech at Dearborn Park, for Fremont. In 1855 he was elected a member of the Chicago city council, and he was the commercial champion of the city's prosperity. During the war he was one of the bravest defenders of the republican policy, raising troops and aiding in discovering the rebel conspiracy to release the prisoners at Camp Douglas and burn Chicago. In 1864 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Illinois. Until old age procloded, William Bross was an active factor in every State canvas.

As a journalist of the higher order he stood in the front rank. The Chicago "Tribune" owes not a little of its proud position to his sturdy work. He has been president of the Tribune company for many years. At the time of the Chicago fire he was the first one to present the city's needs in the east, making a graphic and pathetic statement in the New York "Tribune." William Bross was an integral part of Chicago; he grew with the city's growth. He may

be called the father of commercial journalism in that place.



Mr. Bross was married in 1839 to the daughter of Dr. John T. Jansen, of Goshen, N.Y. His wife and only one of the eight children survive him.

In the death of Mr. Bross Lake Forest university losses one of its warmest friends and staunchest supporters. For many years he has been president of the board of trustees, showing an active interest at every step of progress. His contributions to the university treasury will exceed \$200,000. Three years ago when there was a deficit of \$20,000, Mr. Bross generously put his hand in his pocket and produced the required amount. One of his recent acts was to endow the chair of Biblical instruction, and to build a handsome and costly residence for the incumbent of the chair, his nephew, the Rev. M. Bross Thomas. A cherished plan of his was the building of a working observatory second to none in the land. He has pledged \$15,000 in addition to his regular subscription, to be paid when the proposed endowment fund is made up. A few weeks ago Mr. Bross visited Lake Forest, and he expressed his gratification at the evidences of progress. Said he to a friend: "It was a wise plan to establish a sound current expense fund; and now I want to see the buildings go up." The remark evinces the deep interest Mr. Bross felt in Lake Forest's material welfare.

THE STENTOR.

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HATS AND FURNISHINGS.

Putnam Clothing House

131 and 133 Clark St. } N. E. Corner Clark
113 and 117 Madison St. } and Madison.

CHICAGO.